

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

There is a time of morning
When the sun is just appearing
And the cool time of approaching dawn
As yet seem far away.
In the eastern sky is movement,
No glow, but impending change.
The house is filled with echoes
Familiar forms look strange.
Slip back the bolts and look them;
Stand alone in an unknown world
Of awful purity.
Stand alone with folded hands,
Wait for the gift of wings,
Wait to be lifted higher,
Nearer the heart of things.
The heavens are clear and moonlit
Though the moon is not in the water
The wind that wafts throughout the night
Drops with a sigh of pain.
A vague alarm is creeping
Over the folds and lawn;
Time passes, night is over,
And yet it is not dawn.
Away down in the pasture
The cattle turn and moan;
All living things are troubled
With a sense of the unknown.
For they with eyes may see now,
And they who question know,
Make the most of the magic hour;
The east begins to glow.
The east is all in tumult,
The charmed hour is past,
For, breaking up the quiet skies,
The day appears at last.
—Olive Moleworth in Chambers' Journal.

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebenezer Sprout, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident, related by Dr. Hildreth, well illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sprout, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon. Mrs. Sprout set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen. "Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?" "About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers, and, taking from the barrow ten shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sprout soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner. In apparent amazement he exclaimed: "Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone." Mrs. Sprout could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this interpretation of her words, and she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

OUR STORM CENTERS.

Nine of Them and Their Products All Love New England.

United States storms, according to Professor Bigelow, have nine average places of generation. The great majority form in Alberta, north of Montana, and after coming into the United States travel eastward. A few come in over the north Pacific coast. A third group forms on the northern Rocky Mountain plateau. A fourth forms in Colorado, being born on the very high mountainous elevations. A fifth forms in the Texas lowlands and, catching the Gulf winds and moisture, moves eastward. West Indian hurricanes form the sixth class. The south Atlantic coast storms make up the seventh class. Storms which come in from the Pacific on the southwest from the eighth, and finally a class of minor storms is generated in our central valleys.

Some of these storms come across the Pacific from the Asian coast and, after sweeping across the country, go out over the Atlantic to Europe and even to Asia again, but there is no record of a storm having circumnavigated the globe. But, no matter where these storms are generated, they always converge toward New England. New England, in fact, seems to be the storm center in the United States. A record of ten years ending with 1903 shows 1,143 storms, all of which headed toward, and most of which reached, New England.

The forecaster must consider the general configuration of the country in reckoning for cold or hot waves, blizzards, northerly and other manifestations peculiar to certain localities. An inexperienced prophet might predict, for instance, a long record for a peculiar class of Pacific storm, whereas many of them come over the seaboard and whirled violently into the strike the Rocky mountains, when, in endeavoring to climb the Divide, they are dried out and dissipated in the upper air and are never heard of in the valley beyond. Sometimes they break through and head wildly for New England.

But the forecaster must know of these storm gateways. He must reckon with the climatic properties of the "cold pole" of temperate America, that peculiar region surrounding Lake Winnipeg, where the range of temperature is 150 degrees, the thermometer rising to 105 degrees above in summer and dropping to 45 degrees below in winter. As Professor Bigelow puts it, the giants of heat and cold stagger back and forth across the country in perpetual contest, and the forecaster must be a good judge of the staying power of each.—ALBION'S MAGAZINE.

In the Swim.

The Congregationalist tells of a clergyman who had a notice printed in which after enumerating the various attractions of his coming Sunday programme he wound up by saying, "If you want to be in the swim, come to our church on Sunday." His ecclesiastical neighbor was reading the notice to his wife with no little amusement, and she, not being fully posted on current phraseology, inquired in all seriousness if they were to have a baptismal service.

Longevity of Fish.

There are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last 50 years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A case in point is the Imperial aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to believe the priests.

WHAT THE SENATE COSTS.

Many Queer Expenses Outside of the Members' Salaries.

The United States senate has been popularly dubbed the "Millionaires' club." It is the cheapest club in the world for the poor man to join. Its perquisites, daily increasing, are too enormous for reckoning. The newly prepared report of the secretary of this dignified body reveals some amusing facts. It shows, for instance, that a local drug firm received in the last fiscal year more than \$1,700 for medicines and toilet articles. These were supplied to the senators for their individual use and paid for out of the generous pocket of Uncle Sam. No small item of this expenditure was 1,000 doses of bromo seltzer and bromo caffeine. Three dozens of caffeine powders, four cases of lithia water, two bottles of bromo lithia and \$2.70 worth of lithia tablets further contributed to keep the senatorial system in good repair. Twelve pounds of soda mint tablets were purchased for the alleviation of "that dark brown taste," and the extravagant sum of 80 cents was exchanged for tables for indigestion.

To each senator there are four employees in various capacities. The smaller body of congress has come to cost Uncle Sam twice as much per member per annum as the house. Almost all of the 60 messengers receive \$1,440 a year each, whereas the old blind chaplain is considered to be worth only \$900. Yet he is dependent upon some one to lead him daily to and from the capitol. Laborers in the folding room get \$1,000, and those who run the elevators enjoy still more—\$1,200. The man in charge of the stationery room draws \$2,102.40 annually; his assistants, \$1,800 and \$1,200 respectively. The little pages who wait upon senators get \$75 a month, the postmaster of the senate \$2,250 annually, the doorkeeper \$1,000 and the upholsterer and locksmith \$1,440.

By far the greatest proportion of expense incurred each year for toilet articles is demanded by the senate barber shops and bathrooms. It is not generally known that each member of this distinguished body is barbered gratis as many times a day as he wishes. In conjunction are all the appurtenances to Turkish and Russian baths. Skilled masseurs are always in readiness to hasten the course of slothful blood.

During one hot week in June the senate paid \$100 for lemons for lemonade and shortly afterward returned less than 3,700 empty bottles which had contained lithia water. But the taxpayer should not grow long faced at such a modest rate of revelry as this, considering the fact that 15 years ago nearly every committee room at the senate end of the capitol had its provision of liquors purchased by the chairman or by a member with a reputation as a connoisseur.

The senator's salary of \$5,000 a year is perhaps nothing to brag of, yet it is just \$5,000 a year more than is given to members of the British house of lords for their parliamentary duties. To this add \$125 allowed each year for news papers and stationery, only about \$50 of which need be spent; further add an allowance for railroad mileage given at the beginning and end of each session and which need not be expended by those who hold passes.

While seated at his desk a senator need only clap his hands to summon as many pages as necessary to order his lunch, deliver his notes or fetch him books, stationery or a glass of water. If a chairman of a committee, he has at his personal disposal the clerkship of that committee, insuring a handsome salary of \$2,000 or \$2,500, not to mention an assistant clerkship or messengership at from \$1,440 up. If with-out a chairmanship, he is insured the personal appointment of a clerk at \$1,500 a year.—CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD.

Names of White House Ladies.

It is an interesting study in nomenclature to run over the names of the presidents' wives. There has been but one Mary—Mary Todd Lincoln. There were two Marys—Martha Dandridge Washington and Martha Wayles Jefferson; two Abigail—Abigail Adams and Abigail Smith Adams. Another maiden possessed of the commonplace name of Smith became the wife of a president—Margaret Smith, who married Zachary Taylor. There were also two Elizabeths—Elizabeth Cartwright Monroe and Eliza McCord Johnson.

There was a second Todd—Dolly Todd Madison. After Dolly, which was, perhaps the most fanciful name, saving more of a nickname, there were the two rather high sounding names, Letitia and Lucetta. Letitia was Christian Tyler and Lucetta Rudolph Garfield. Julia Dent Grant, Lucy Webb Hayes and Louisa Catherine Adams had Christian names more modern and less sedate than Jane Appleton Pierce, Hannah Hoos Van Buren, Rachel Donelson Jackson, Sarah Childress Polk and Anne Symmes Harrison. Frances Folsom Cleveland, Caroline Scott Harrison and Ida Saxton McKinley are familiar to all.—NEW YORK SUN.

A Dog's Funeral.

A dog died in Germantown, Pa., the other day and now has a most imposing monument. The dog's name was Caesar. He was a Great Dane and for nine years he lived in the family of Mrs. T. D. M. Cardeza. There were appropriate ceremonies at the funeral. Caesar was laid away in a silk lined coffin, with solid silver trimmings, which had been made to order by an undertaker from careful measurements. The monuments cost \$100.

Brave Police.

The police of Paris earned a wonderful reputation for courage a short time ago. A wild beast, they reported, had been bitten untold numbers was wandering about the streets. The ravages committed by the creature might have been incalculable had not two gentlemen rushed in and destroyed the monster with their swords. The monster now appears to have been a poor frightened armadillo.

All Languages Spoken.

Visitors to the Paris exposition may have noticed over one of the restaurants the inscription "ici on parle toutes les langues." Those who are familiar with the results obtained in French restaurants where "Anglais" is spoken will naturally be rather skeptical about this comprehensive claim to speak all the languages under the sun. A visitor recently remarked to the manager, "You must have a great many interpreters here." "Not one," was the reply. "Who, then, speaks all the languages?" "The customers, monsieur."—LONDON CHRONICLE.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life.—JOHNSON.

If a woman tries to practice what her husband preaches, she has no time for gossip.—CHICAGO NEWS.

BIG RENTS IN LONDON.

Fabulous Prices Paid For Domiciles In Aristocratic Quarters.

Pretty nearly everybody understands, of course, that house rents are very considerably greater in London than they are in provincial towns and that in the metropolis they vary greatly and are very stiff in the regions where society hovers. But a writer in Tit-Bits ventures to think that even few Londoners have much idea of the enormous figures paid for the rentals of fashionable houses in Belgravia and Mayfair or realize how few square yards of the west end it takes to produce a million sterling in this way.

Now, take, to start with, Park lane. It is rather fashionable thoroughfare. It is rather staggering to learn that \$50,000 a year is really not at all a very extravagant rent to pay for a good house in this quarter. The plain, simple fact of the matter is, however, that you cannot get a decent house here for less than \$15,000, and even such a one would only have three or four bedrooms and, generally speaking, would not have greater accommodation than a house at \$250 or \$300 a year in the suburbs or at half that price in a provincial town.

Grosvenor square and Berkeley square are renowned headquarters of society, which pays astonishingly for its residence there.

Consider the former first. The whole square comprises fewer than 60 houses, but it is a fact that their combined annual rental is about \$750,000. Big as the rents are, getting a house here is a matter of great difficulty, and seldom is there one to let for long. Nothing can be got for less than \$5,000 a year, and from this figure an intending tenant may go up to \$50,000 a year.

Berkeley square is likewise difficult to get into. It is rather old fashioned and severe, and the average man or woman from the country might not be able to see anything about the houses which would justify a heavy drain being made upon a tenant's pocket. But, all the same, houses here are always at a premium, and you will not get much of a residence for \$2,500 a year, nor yet, so far as that goes, is the accommodation very astonishing if \$10,000 a year is paid.

St. James square is another ultra fashionable quarter which a millionaire might have to wait years to get into if he desired to live there—\$15,000 or \$20,000 a year is quite a moderate rent for a house so situated—while Norfolk House, where the Duke of Norfolk resides, and such others as Lord Derby's residence, at 33, would easily realize \$50,000 a year in rent.

Carlton House terrace, where statesmen and ambassadors live, also costs its tenants dearly. At least \$20,000 a year must be paid for anything good in this particular neighborhood, and Mr. Astor gave more than \$300,000 when he purchased one of the houses in the terrace, formerly occupied by Lord Granville. Yet the ordinary man would remark that the houses are not even semidetached and that outwardly, at all events, they are far from imposing.

Ants Invent a Wagon.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place, near Lexington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits," says a contributor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their home. 'Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with their awkward booty and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty.'

The Advance of Time.

The age of man, we are told, is three-score years and ten. From 25 to 40, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to 50 the change is greater. Fifty-five to 60, the alteration starts; still we are not loved down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the later stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable rivalry this and keenly felt by both. Such is the time's progress.—SCOTTISH AMERICAN.

Stuck to His Post.

When it comes to a battle, a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic, in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most scornful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that he was a broken heart that killed him.—OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Literary Difficulties.

"She has been talking about writing a novel for years," said one woman. "Yes," answered the other, "but I don't think she'll ever get it completed. She has followed the plan of those authors who study their personal acquaintances for types of character." "Isn't the method a good one?" "Not in her case. When her husband refuses her anything, she wants to put him in as the villain, and when he does as she wishes she wants to make him the hero. It keeps her continually rewriting the first chapter."—WASHINGTON STAR.

May Be Too Effective.

The farmers of Ness county have clubbed together and bought 1,000 pounds of bisulphide of carbon to be used in driving the prairie dogs out. There is no doubt about it driving the prairie dogs out. The only trouble is that the population may have to go with them.—KANSAS CITY JOURNAL.

Somewhat Encouraging.

"Did that rich young Golding propose to you last night?" "Not exactly, mamma, but he asked for an option on me for 30 days."—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

A Wedding Ring Should Fit the Finger.

If it is too large, it is a sign of shallowness of purpose; if too tight, it suggests that the union pinches somehow. A perfect fitting ring is symbolic of a perfect, harmonious union.

TRIALS OF A COMPOSER.

Some of Sousa's Struggles Early in His Career.

"The first piece I ever had published I paid for," said Mr. Sousa. "It cost me \$25, and that \$25 was a great deal of money to me, an awful lot. Of course, the piece did not sell. Some friends of mine with a great big gob of kindness in their hearts bought copies—I think about \$4 worth. But the rest of the world, though it was hunting new tunes, paid no attention to the publication of my piece. It had not found me yet, and the fact that I was disappointed in the sale of my music did not discourage its machinery in the least. The next time I thought I would try Philadelphia. I went up to the publishing house of Lee & Walker & Co. I showed my two compositions to the editor, with whom I struck up a friendship that has lasted since that day, and that was in 1872, when I was 18 years old. He played over my pieces, and they sounded beautiful. He was a good pianist, and I never have been. He made some kind of a calisthenic mark on them—I suppose it meant O. K.—and sent me down to see Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee liked the pieces, but I was a young man, an absolutely unknown young man, and all that. You know what they all say. Still the pieces were very nice, and they would publish them, giving me—I held my breath—giving me 100 copies of each piece. My railroad fare from Washington to Philadelphia and return and my hotel bill amounted to about \$15, and for that I was to get 100 copies of each of my two pieces, which would cost the publisher perhaps \$7. I thought that was pretty hard. But I accepted. I supposed that the music would be printed off right away. It wasn't. After about a dozen letters from me during a period of six or seven months I finally got word that they might get the piece out the following quarter."

"Now that you have made a hit, don't those pieces sell?"

Mr. Sousa shook his head and pressed his lips together. "The world does not turn back and look for what it has once passed by. It wants something new."

"After awhile I sold my compositions for what I could get—anything from \$5 up to \$25. The 'Washington Post March' and the 'High School Cadet March' I sold for \$35 each. They made an independent fortune for the publisher, Coleman, of Philadelphia."

"And all you got out of them was \$70?"

Mr. Sousa nodded. He did not seem to feel bad about it. He seemed to think it was a kind of a joke on him, of course, but a good joke for all that. Probably he believes that there are more marches just as good where they came from. Probably he has got over grieving about it in the last ten years.—ALBION'S MAGAZINE.

In and Out of Britain.

Some 5,500 Germans, Poles and Swiss left their own countries last month to settle in England, remarks the London Express. Against this incursion of aliens, which shows a considerable increase on last year's record, must be set the emigration of 17,000 British to the United States. More than half of these came from Ireland.

The Best Remedy for Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

"I have been in the drug business for twenty years and have seen most all of the proprietary medicines of any note. Among the entire list I have never found anything to equal Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles," says O. W. Wakefield, of Columbus, Ga. "This remedy cured two severe cases of cholera morbus in my family and I have recommended and sold hundreds of bottles of it to my customers to their entire satisfaction. It affords a quick and sure cure in a pleasant form." For sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.

VIRGINIA:—In the circuit court for the county of Accomack, in the vacation of the said court, the 2nd day of July, A. D., 1900.

Emaline Palmer, who sues by Daniel Harmon, her next friend, Plaintiff,

against John Thomas Palmer Defendant,

In Chancery.

The objects of this suit is to obtain a divorce a vinculo matrimonii on behalf of the plaintiff from the defendant, John Thomas Palmer.

Affidavit having been made and filed that John Thomas Palmer, the defendant in the above entitled cause, is not a resident of the State of Virginia on the motion of the plaintiff, by her attorneys, it is ordered that said John Thomas Palmer do appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interests; and that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the "Peninsula Enterprise," a newspaper published at Accomac C. H., Virginia, and also posted at the front door of the courthouse of the said county on the first day of the next term of the county court of the said county.

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, C. C. A Copy.

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, C. C. Mears & Mapp, p. q.

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We have a full line of everything that is usually kept in a General Store such as—

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Watch for our Display at the Fairs.
Our goods are made of the best materials and by the most skillful workmen and are backed by a Factory Capital of \$2,000,000.

MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT
Is getting to be a thing of the past. The shrewd business man and people generally are giving this matter serious attention, and are placing their orders with the people who manufacture their own goods.

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Enables the purchaser to make monthly or quarterly payments.

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(INCORPORATED JANUARY 26, 1900.)

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Will visit Accomac C. H., the first day of every court.

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I desire to state to the public that I am prepared to serve them as an

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Leave.....A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.

Portsmouth..... 5:20 7:30 6:00 7:40 7:20 8:40

Norfolk..... 6:50 11:04 8:30 11:04

Old Point Comfort..... 7:20 8:40 8:40 10:55

Cape Charles..... 8:50 11:04 11:35 11:06

Cheriton..... 9:20 11:06 11:06 11:14

Cobb's..... 10:01 11:14 11:14 11:26

Eastville..... 10:11 11:26 11:26 11:38

Nassawadox..... 10:22 11:38 11:38 11:47

Exmore..... 10:31 11:40 11:40 11:47

Mappesburg..... 10:40 11:47 11:47 11:52

Keller..... 10:51 11:52 11:52 11:57

Mellie..... 10:57 12:03 12:03 12:08

Only..... 11:05 12:11 12:11 12:16

Tasley..... 11:18 12:24 12:24 12:29

Parkley..... 11:25 12:32 12:32 12:37

Bloxom..... 11:35 12:40 12:40 12:44

Bloomtown..... 11:43 12:48 12:48 12:53

Oak Hall..... 11:57 12:58 12:58 13:03

New Church..... 12:05 13:06 13:06 13:11

Pocomoke..... 6:10 11:55 11:55 12:00

Costen..... 6:15 12:00 12:00 12:05

King's Creek..... 6:25 12:10 12:10 12:15

Princess Anne..... 6:56 12:20 12:20 12:25